

PS

1689

.F85



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

PS 1689
Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf . F85

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



7

HEART THROBS

BY

LAURA M. FORD



52814 -aa1

PS 1689
.F 85

Copyrighted—LAURA M. FORD, 1895

PUBLISHED BY
The Hathaway Press
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
1895

HEART THROBS.

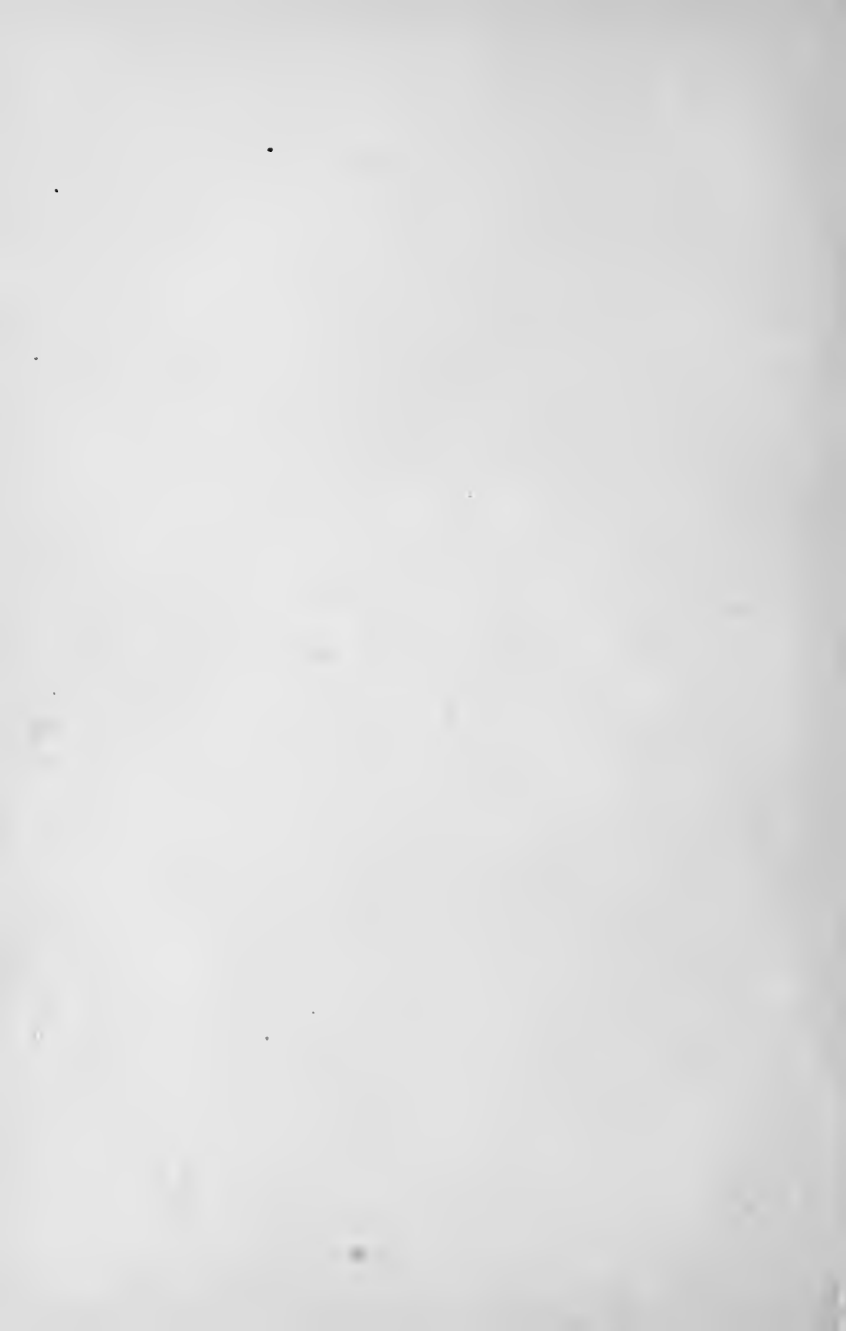
DEDICATED TO
ONE WHO IS EVER MY MOST
BELOVED FRIEND.

HEART THROBS.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Love's Valentine	5
Assurance	6
Love's Rebuke	8
The Sad Heart	9
Yearning	10
Doubt	12
Dost Thou Love Me	15
A Love Message	16
How I Love Thee	17
Heart's Desire	18
Sweet Violets	19
Love's Offering	20
A Love Balloon	21
Drifting Apart	23
A Query	24
I Thought That Love Was Done	26
Revival	27
Sometime	28
Soon We Shall Meet	29
When We Meet	31
How Shall We Meet	32
Meeting	33
Coming	33
I'm Waiting For Thee	34
Together	35
Good-night	36
Dost Thou Regret	37
Good-bye	38
Without Solace	39
My Love is Far Away	40
Parted	41

Farewell	42
Alone	43
Heart's Sorrow	44
Memory	46
Tired	47
Hopeless	49
Lost Love	50
Longing and Regret	52
Hope	53
The Spirit's Voice	54
No Love So Fond	55
To The Absent One	56
I Have Loved	57
A Sunbeam	58
Life's River	59
An Amulet	60
How Will It Be	61
To A Friend	63
True Friendship	65
To J. C. H.	67
Sympathy	68
Without Sorrow	70
What Is The Use	71
The Spirit's Yearning	74
Commendation	75
The Meloncholy Poet	77
A Fallen Star	78
Lost Faith	79
The Mystical Star	80
To "Arthur"	81
True Love	82
Wedded	83
Love's Christmas Greeting	84
Birdie	85
To A Stranger	85
To My Typewriter	86
Adonis	87
A Thermometer	88
Wedded (On an Engraving)	88
To An Infant	89
An Apology	90



LOVE'S VALENTINE.

A Valentine, darling, today I would send thee,
 Something to silently speak of my love ;
Something to cheer thee, to gladden, to bless thee,
 Something my heart's fond devotion to prove.
What shall it be, dear? Some sweet loving token
 Wrought by my fingers in solitude drear?
Some sweet, quaint device which love only could fashion,
 Something which ever thine heart would hold dear?

I might send thee some volume of love and of passion,
 With pages so glowing they never could tire ;
A book to awaken anew in thy bosom
 The force and the power of love's sacred fire.
I might choose fragrant blossoms of sweetness and beauty—
 Emblems of constancy, bright as the day ;
But their sweetness so tender would whisper of sorrow,
 For they, like love's joys, would soon fade and decay.

Could I but pour forth with all eloquence glowing,
 The thoughts deep and tender which in my soul burn,
Tho' no other token of love I should send thee,
 My heart's deep emotion thou couldst then but learn.
But language is impotent ! Vain all endeavor ;
 Like my tears and my prayers, all words fail to bless ;
So the sweetest of valentines that I could send thee,
 My heart's deep devotion ne'er could express.

Yet one loving message at least, I will send thee
On Valentine's Day, so thou canst not forget
That this heart still is beating with love true and tender,
As in the dear days which I now must regret.
I love thee, my darling ! Bend low, love, and listen
To words which I whisper again and again :
My darling, I love thee ! I want thee ! I need thee !
I love thee ! My heart ever sings the refrain.



ASSURANCE.

What dark doubts and fears now daily beset me—
What sorrow my spirit doth claim !
Oh, fain would I feel that thou dost not forget me,
And know that thy love is the same.
For days are so dreary since now thou art gone,
Thy silence, tho' brief, is as years ;
As the dull days and weeks drag wearily on,
Each sad hour is freighted with tears.

While sometimes thou sayest that still thou dost love me,
Thy tenderest message seems cold :
My yearnings, my pleadings, seem never to move thee,
Tho' fervent my heart's love is told.
And often I long for some message of cheer,
Some tender and comforting word,
To soothe and sustain me through days dark and drear,
When faith fails my spirit to gird.

I pray thee, my darling, if still thou dost love me,
Oh say it in tenderest phrase !
And let thy soft speeches so gently reprove me,
That doubt ne'er shall darken my days.
For faith soon must languish with nought for its bread
Save memory's vision of food ;
My heart cannot live, dear, on joys that are dead,
Each day needs assurance renewed.



LOVE'S REBUKE.

Beloved, how canst thou doubt me?

Doth this heart throb once with joy or e'en with pleasure, save because of thee?

Can I gaze upon one fair gift of nature, the bright blue sky, the starlit heavens, the soft splendor of the radiant moon, or e'en upon one beauteous little flower, that all my thoughts do not softly turn to thee?

Doth sorrow pale my cheek, a tear bedim mine eye, that all my soul yearns not for the sweet solace of thy voice, the tender touch of thine hand?

Doth one hour pass wherein I yearn not for thy loving presence?

Doth life hold aught of weal or woe for me, that thou couldst not turn the tide of each?

Could I smile, and one frown of thine not make me weep?

Could I weep, and thou not have the power to make me glad?

Doth one heart smile upon me, when straightway comes not the image of thy face, the memory of thy love?

Are not all other ties most weak and vain to this most sacred bond, this holy tie which binds us close forever?

And yet—thou doubtest me!

But nay! I will not think it thus! 'Tis but that thou art eager for some fond assurance, which perchance, hath been withheld too long, and so beloved, hear me while I speak.

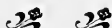
What though my lips bring forth no audible sound?
Is not my voice—the voice of love, as clear and vibrant
as all resounding bells?

Thus my soul doth whisper now as ever, in love's
own language eloquent:

Beloved, I love thee! Thou art my joy, my life,
mine all!

None other can encompass thee! None can sur-
mount thee! Thou art my radiant star, my sun, and my
existence. Without thee I am as nought.

And this is love.



THE SAD HEART.

Could I conceal my heart's emotions—

All thought of care, each grief, each woe,
And ever greet thee smiling, cheerful,

I should be dearer to thee, love, I know.
For happy hearts must shrink from sorrow,
Souls unshadowed flee from care:
Instinctive the untrammelled spirit
Loves all things happy, bright and fair.

I would that thou couldst think me happy,
That I could cease to cloud thy way :
But I cannot smile with gladness,
When life grows darker every day.
Strange that thy love can still be glowing,
Yet shed no lustre o'er my sky !
And yet, dear heart, thou oft' dost wonder
Why I weep, and yearn and sigh.

Dear love, do not despise my sorrow,
The heart grows sweeter thro' its tears ;
'Tis loving thee, ah, but too fondly,
That thus hath darkened all my years.
If thou wouldst have me smile with pleasure,
With eyes aglow and cheeks aflame,
Sustain me with thy love's expression,
Not by its seeming empty name.



YEARNING.

When I lie within my coffin pale and cold,
You will stoop and softly kiss my pallid brow,
And murmur tender words I cannot hear—
Dear words my weary heart is craving now.
You will lay your soft, warm lips upon my own,
When response from them you ne'er shall feel again ;
And tears shall fall perhaps upon my face,
And your heart be filled with strange and bitter pain.

But when such an hour shall come, my own dear love,
And my form shall be but dumb and senseless clay,
Your tenderness will be of no avail,
When my spirit dwells in realms far away.
You will think of tender words you might have said,
Ere the life-blood had faded from my cheek ;
And within your heart shall dwell a deep regret,
For all the loving words you did not speak.

Ah, then heed me while I plead, O my darling,
For a portion of the tenderness and love,
You will pour out o'er my cold and silent form,
When my soul shall soar in realms far above.
Do not leave me thus to yearn, sad and lonely,
For the love which is deep hid within your heart ;
Do not deny its soothing power, darling,
Till the hour when forever we must part.

Open wide the door of your heart warm and true,
And pour forth the wealth of its deep, hidden store ;
Let me know the joy which now you deny
To my yearning heart, sorrowful and sore.
For oh, when the last day at length shall approach,
And the bitter, sad farewell has been said,
Your heart will be filled with pain and regret,
If you hold back your love till I am dead.

DOUBT.

When I seem to doubt you, dearest—
Doubt your love and tenderness,
How reproachful are your glances,
As my hand you softly press.
With those eyes so kind and tender,
Touch so gentle, soft and fond,
Then 'tis easy not to doubt you,
Or that love doth full respond.

When I say, "You do not love me!"
Then I see you softly smile
As if doubting all my meaning,
Giving soft caress the while.
When I see each loving token
Of your kind and thoughtful care,
How I chide my heart for doubting
That to you I still am dear.

When I say, "O do you love me?"
Never have you answered "nay,"
And you think I should not doubt you,
As I seem to, love, today.
But, apart, this heart exacting
Wildly cries, "O is it true!
Do you love me, O my darling—
Love me, as this heart loves you?"

And the echo back repeating,
 Falls upon my heart with fear ;
For I know your kind affection—
 Be it e'er so fond and dear,
Knows not all *this* heart's deep fervor,
 All its passion, joy and pain ;
All the bliss, the fears, the rapture,
 All the longings deep and vain.

And I ask myself the question
 Which I oft' have asked before—
Where the proof of your devotion ?
 Where is hid the tender store ?
In those eyes so calmly tender
 Which on others thus may smile ?
In that hand-clasp soft, magnetic,
 Which some other may beguile ?

And the anguish of my doubting
 Rends my heart with wild despair ;
What know *you* of love and longing !
 What know *you* of sigh and tear !
Your calm heart hath known no rapture
 In love's sweet seductive dream !
Your life ne'er hath known the glory
 Of love's ecstasy supreme !

Ah, smile not with glance so tender !
Do not mock me with your kiss !
Leave me, ere I feel your presence
Lure me once again to bliss !
Leave me ! For I feel your power
Swaying all my soul again ;
Doubt must vanish in your presence,
As the sun absorbs the rain.

Hold not forth those arms so tempting !
Coldly turn aside and go ;
Tell me ! *Say* you do not love me—
That my heart the truth may know.
What ! you hesitate and tremble ?
Eyes reproachful as of yore ?
Ah, those arms again enfold me !—
I forget my doubts once more !



DOST THOU LOVE ME.

O beloved ! Dost thou love me ?

Tell me ! Say the sweet words o'er !

Quell these doubts which now beset me,

And I ne'er shall doubt thee more.

Soft repeat love's vows so tender,

Which thou oft' hast spoke before ;

Tell me, darling, dost thou love me ?—

Ah, I ne'er shall doubt thee more !

O my loved one ! Dost thou love me ?

Still my doubting heart doth cry !

Darkest fears cast down my spirit,

For my darling is not nigh.

Wert thou near to still my yearning,

Couldst thou answer to my call,

Could I feel that thou dost love me,

What peace upon my soul would fall !

O my darling ! Quickly answer !

Dost thou love me—love me still ?

Pour forth all thy heart's devotion,

Let my spirit drink its fill !

Dost thou love me fondly, dearly ?

Repeat love's vows, ah, o'er and o'er !

Tell me truly thou dost love me,

And I ne'er shall doubt thee more.

A LOVE MESSAGE.

When thy arms and lips caress me,
And thy loving eyes I see,
All my heart is filled with gladness,
And I love thee trustingly.

But when time and space divide us,
Then dark fears my soul beset ;
With despair my heart is laden,
And my eyes with tears are wet.

Now I sit alone in sorrow,
Yearning for thy presence dear,
And tonight, had I the power,
I would draw thy spirit near.

'Tis the silent hour of midnight :
Tender thoughts now fly to thee ;
With the power of my spirit,
I would draw thy soul to me.

My empty arms are wide outstretched,
And I softly call thy name ;
How I long, dear love, to see thee,
Thy dear voice to hear again.

Ah, I see thee where thou liest
In sweet slumber calm and deep ;
My spirit hovers o'er thy bed—
Canst thou see me in thy sleep ?

May joyous dreams, sweet, bright and fair,
Softly o'er thy vision steal ;
And all the loving words I breathe,
May thy slumb'ring spirit feel.

Heaven bless thee while thou sleepest !
In the morning, all thy days ;
Angels guard thee with their power,
As my love would guard—always !

Good night, darling ! Ere I leave thee,
Now to close my eyes in rest,
How I sigh in deepest yearning,
For the pillow of thy breast.



HOW I LOVE THEE.

Ah, to tell with what measure
I love thee, my heart's dearest treasure,
I n'er could attain.
As the sun by the earth
Is beloved, without which the birth
Of all beauty were vain,
So upon thee I feed,
Thy presence I need,
Without thee I wither and die.
Then do not forsake me,
To thy heart fondly take me,
Once more renew loves holy tie.

HEART'S DESIRE.

Though my brow were crowned with garlands,
And my breast were decked with gems
 Of beauty most radiant and rare ;
Though the world should sing thy praises,
And should bring its diadems,
 And cast them at my feet, bright and fair—
All the wealth the world could give me
Would be but as withered leaves,
 If thy love lightened not every care.

Ah, I seek not fame or glory,
These have ne'er a charm for me ;
 While nature sheds her fragrance around,
All I crave to make me happy
Is but constant love from thee,
 With our lives together ever bound.
For thee now my heart is yearning !
Couldst thou bless me, love, today,
 Sweetest peace, deep and true, should be found.



SWEET VIOLETS.

Sweet violets ! Violets purple and blue,
Emblems of constant love, tender and true,
I'll kiss you and send you to one loved so well :
What thoughts you awaken I leave you to tell.
Your bright hue may fade and your beauty decay,
But your sweetness will linger when no longer gay ;
Thus my love, like your fragrance, shall live on for aye,
Tho' the form now so cherished may wither and die.

Youth's fire now so glowing, may smoulder with years
Of trial and sorrow, vain yearning and tears,
But whatever changes upon my heart cast,
Its sweet burden of love forever must last.
Like you, violets sweet, recognized is your name
Howe'er changed be your form—you still are the same ;
For your sweetness will linger, yes, change as you will,
And my dear one will love you and cherish you still.

Fade, fade as you must, you still shall be fair,
So go to my darling love's message to bear :
That, as time passes on, each year only shall prove
The constancy deep of this heart's fervent love.
Sweet violets ! Violets, I love your name,
For you, like true love, are ever the same :
Sweet and enduring, tender and true,
So go to my darling, love's bidding to do.

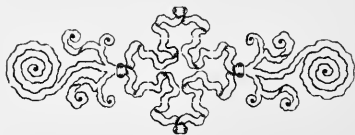
LOVE'S OFFERING.

Fair, fragrant violets!

I send you to my dear one, far away ;
May your tender beauty speak my love,
And breathe it all the day.
When your loveliness she views,
Perchance your petals soft she'll kiss,
And murmur tender words of love—
Words my yearning heart doth miss!

Ah, blessed violets!

I envy you my darling's sweet caress!
Oh may her dear lips touch the spot
Upon which my lips I press.
Speed you to my dear one, now,
And if your beauty be decayed,
Still bear my heart's love to my own—
Love so true, which cannot fade!



A LOVE BALLOON.

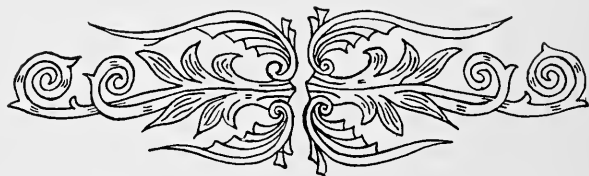
I would freight thee with blossoms sweet and fair,
 To cheer my darling's hours,
That she might read my true heart's love
 In the fairest of all flowers.
But their loveliness would fade
 Ere their beauty she could view,
And as my love can never die,
 This burden will not do !

I would freight thee with jewels rich and rare,
 So that their dazzling light
Should of my love an emblem be—
 Changeless, ever pure and bright ;
But like all my love's desires,
 Vain and hopeless, vanquished soon,
I cannot send the glittering gems
 In this little love balloon.

I would freight thee with kisses soft and warm,
 Could she but feel their power,
And in thy empty basket find
 The heart's most precious dower :
Love so tender, deep and fond,
 Yearning, faithful—O so true !
And ever present with my dear,
 Though absent to her view.

I would freight thee myself, thou basket small,
 Could such a blessing be,
Could longing bear us swift through space—
 Little love balloon and me !
But thy dainty form so frail,
 Quite sadly now I fear,
Could scarce my loving spirit hold,
 And bear it to my dear !

So I freight thee with blessings rich and fond,
 Thou emblem of desire ;
My love and longing mute will speak,
 When thee she doth admire.
Be my spirit's voice of love,
 And greet my darling soon ;
Swiftly speed through dreary space,
 Thou little love balloon !



DRIFTING APART.

I feel we are drifting, my darling,
Further and further apart ;
Some day far and wide
We will drift with the tide,
Each secretly sad at heart.

I feel that the rift grows, beloved,
Deeper and wider each day ;
Your love once so fond,
Seems now loathe to respond,
Soon you will drift far away.

Your tenderness seems to be fading,
Love beams no more in your eye ;
Such hours once were sweet,
Though now coldly we meet,
And for joys of the past I sigh.



A QUERY.

I wonder if I love you still !
I ask myself tonight
If all my love, so glowing once,
At last has taken flight.
'Tis true that hours have brighter grown
Which once were filled with gloom,
And vanished seems the bitter day
That spoke my spirit's doom ;
While all the anguish once I knew,
No longer gnaws my heart :
Less bitter is the sad decree—
Our lives must dwell apart.

I wonder if I love you still !
For passion seems to sleep,
And you, I think, have lost the power
To make me smile or weep.
Yes, I could gaze into those eyes
That thrilled me thro' and thro',
And know not one emotion now,
Which kindled once for you.
And scenes that once were fraught with pain,
I gaze upon unmoved,
While all life's deepest founts are sealed
As tho' I ne'er had loved.

I wonder if I love you still !
And if love's sacred fire,
So long unnourished and unfed,
Could spend itself—expire !
Or if the flame, now buried deep
And seeming cold in death,
Could from the smouldering ashes wake
To life, with but your breath.
And when the fateful hour shall come,
When face to face we stand,
I wonder if I'll love you still,
When once I clasp your hand.



I THOUGHT THAT LOVE WAS DONE.

I thought that love was done !
I bade farewell to joy, and peace and hope ;
My heart was blank and dumb with pain.
I knew not how henceforth my soul should grope
Alone through bitter woe, again
I surely knew that love was done !

I thought that love was o'er !
I meant to say to joy a last good-bye ;
My soul was faint with fear and dread,
For with the year all love and peace should die,
And woe be mine since love was dead
Forevermore—yes, love was o'er !

I thought that love would fly !
And forth I stretched my hands to clasp its wings,
One last farewell to sadly say ;
Then—ah, I know not pain that parting brings,
I found that love must with me stay,
Love will not, cannot from me fly !



REVIVAL.

I did not mean to kiss you when I greeted you today ;
I only meant to meet you in a careless, pleasant way.
And though you smiled so kindly as you gently clasped
 my hand,
'Twas almost easy to forget the yearning heart's demand.

I did not mean to kiss you when the silence sudden
 grew
So painful and oppressive, dear, between myself and you.
But I saw your eyes were beaming with an earnest,
 tender glance,
And swift I felt the motion of your own heart's sweet
 advance.

Though I did not mean to kiss you or awake one tender
 thrill,
Somehow 'twas all forgotten and all banished was my
 will,
For I felt your arms enfold me in the old-time fond
 embrace,
And lingering kisses mingled with the tear-drops on my
 face.



SOMETIME.

Sometime or other—I know not when,
You and I shall meet again ;
Once more with joy and glad surprise,
I'll gaze into your earnest eyes,
And read therein your love is true
And constant still, as mine for you.

Sometime or other, all else forgot,
Love's rapture sweet shall be my lot ;
While close and warm in love's embrace,
In silence I shall hide my face
In bliss against your throbbing breast,
And once again my heart shall rest.

Sometime or other, come when it may,
This happy, joyous, blessed day—
Then all my longing, doubt and grief
Shall vanish for an instant brief,
And once again love's brightest ray
Shall gladden all my darkened way.

Sometime or other, all longing stilled,
My soul once more with rapture thrilled,
With beating heart against your own,
And all the bliss that we have known
In other days divinely sweet,
Must still be ours whene'er we meet.

Sometime or other, far or near,
Shall be our blessed meeting, dear,
And tho' misgivings oft' arise,
They all must vanish when our eyes
Shall tell in language mute but deep,
Of love unchanging e'er to keep.



SOON WE SHALL MEET.

Soon we shall meet ! O joyous hour !
My heart beats loud and fast !
Love once more shall resume its power,
When heart meets heart at last !
Pain and sorrow all forgot,
Doubts and fears then all at rest,
When, soul to soul—O blessed lot !
Sweet peace I'll find upon thy breast !

Soon we shall meet ! O joy supreme !
My yearning spirit's only goal !
Soon love's soft, radiant light shall beam
Full and bright upon my soul !
Anguish, grief and yearning stilled,
Love once more shall hold its sway ;
My heart with love's sweet rapture filled,
All life's darkness turned to day !

Soon we shall meet ! Yes, meet once more
In love and joy I know !
Faith shall revive as in days of yore,
When I hear thy accents low.
Tho' brief must be the hour of bliss,
And sorrow soon again must come,
Haste to my arms with love's sweet kiss,
And feel my heart's glad welcome home.

Soon we shall meet ! O haste the day !
United once again,
My soul shall sing a joyful lay,
And forget its bitter pain !
Then haste thee, dear, unto my heart !
O blessed joy ! O bliss divine !
Let me forget that we must part,
While once again I call thee mine !



WHEN WE MEET.

Oh, when we meet, my darling,
 Shall thy pulses faster beat,
Shall thy throbbing heart portray
 Love's deep emotion sweet?
Or shall the meeting give but pain,
 And shalt thou cold and distant seem?
But still, perchance, within thine eye
 Love's tender light shall gleam.
O my darling! Haste! O haste thee!
 Remove this doubt and pain!
Come, quickly, dear, and let me feel
 Love's rapture once again!

When we shall meet, my darling,
 Wilt thou clasp me close and warm?
Wilt thou fold me unto thine heart
 This cold and trembling form?
Wilt thou kiss these yearning lips
 Till with love's rapture thrilled?
Wilt thou whisper tender words
 Till my starvèd soul is filled?
O beloved! Haste! O haste thee!
 No longer joy delay!
My glowing love impatient calls—
 Come to my arms today!

HOW SHALL WE MEET.

How shall we meet?

With throbbing hearts and outstretched arms—

With trembling forms and tearful eyes?

Shall silence reign, as soul meets soul in fond embrace?

Shalt thou come upon me unawares, and glad surprise

Rush o'er my heart, as once again thy loving face I greet?

Or shall I wait thy coming, trembling, cold,

With panting breath, impatient sighs and tears,

As slow the torturous hours go by?

And when at last I see the shadow of thy form,

And straightway catch the glisten of thine eye,

And feel the close, fond clasp of thine hand—

Shall all my woe, and all the pain of dreary days
be past,

As soft my cheek upon thine own I press,

And heart to heart we clasp each other close at
last?

And close and closer shall our lips draw near

Until they meet, impassioned, in love's full and perfect
kiss,

And shall one tender syllable express

A joy supreme, love's ecstasy of bliss?



MEETING.

Ah, soon again I shall behold thee!
Once more these arms shall close enfold thee
 Tremblingly in love's embrace.
Fondly to my heart I'll press thee,
And these yearning lips caress thee,
 When once again I see thy face.



COMING.

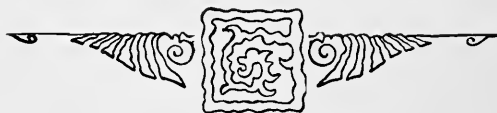
My dear one now is whirling, whirling
 Rapidly towards love and home;
Sweet the meeting and the greeting,
 When safely thou at last hast come.
Tho' wide the distance still divides us,
 Each hour shorter grows the space;
And my heart is filled with gladness,
 For I soon shall see thy face.

My loved one now is coming, coming!
 Slow the lagging hours drag by;
Loud my heart is beating, beating,
 Impatiently I wait and sigh.
Nearer, nearer still, and nearer,
 Shorter doth the distance grow;
My darling swift to me is speeding,
 Ah, we soon shall meet, I know!

I'M WAITING FOR THEE.

My darling ! My darling ! I'm waiting for thee !
Hasten, beloved, O hasten to me !
Come as a bird to its love in the nest :
Come to me, dearest, and I shall be blest !
My heart with rapture now is beating !
Sweet, O sweet will be the meeting !
Come, beloved, come !

My dearest ! My treasure ! I'm waiting for thee !
Hasten, O hasten, my darling, to me !
Hark ! Do I hear thy dear step drawing near ?
Love, art thou coming—soon wilt thou be here ?
Impatient now my heart is beating !
I long for love's own tender greeting !
Come ! My darling, come !



TOGETHER.

Draw the blinds ; close the door—bar it fast !
Together now, thou and I, alone at last !
Free from the world, from strife, from care,
Now once more our hearts shall dare
Drink deep of love's divinest bliss,
And soul meet soul in rapture's kiss,
While all my pain and doubt and fear
Shall vanish, while I feel thee near !

Love, come close ! Nearer still—thou art mine !
Forget—forget all else but love, and joy divine !
Reveal thy soul so long now hid,
Let thy spirit swiftly bid
All thoughts of other ties depart,
While close I fold thee to my heart.
Be all my own, heart, mind and soul,
O give me all—love's perfect whole !



GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night ! Dear love, good-night !
How many hours have taken flight
Since thou and I didst greet !
And yet, 'twere but a moment fleet,
And now we bid good-night !

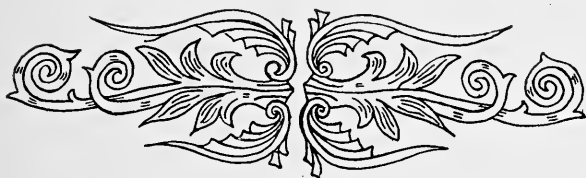
Good-night ! Dear heart, good-night !
I know not which be sweeter light—
That of thine eyes that meet mine own,
Or that of yonder golden moon—
The silent witness of our fond good-night !

Good-night ! Once more, good-night !
This parting moment is such sweet delight,—
Albeit fraught with keenest pain—
That I could say good-night again,
Till dawn of morning light !



DOST THOU REGRET?

Dost thou remember—or dost thou forget?
Art thou still happy, or dost thou regret?
Love's sweet hour of rapture, ah, wouldst thou recall,
Or doth joy like a sunbeam, still linger o'er all?
Answer, belovéd! Look into mine eye,
And tell in love's language what love would descry.
Still doth thine heart beat with a passion divine?
Speak! Answer, my darling, and peace shall be mine!



GOOD-BYE.

Good-bye, my darling ! Many weary months must pass
Ere we shall meet again !
Life holds for thee paths bright and fair,
While I must dwell alone in pain.
But since thou must at last depart,
Leave me, love, and go thy way ;
Perchance from out this mist of tears,
Shall dawn a brighter, clearer day.

Good-bye, beloved ! Mayst thy future ever be
O'ercast with brightest flowers !
But midst thy joys do not forget
Love's sweet, though transient, happy hours.
And sometimes think of me, dear heart !—
Ah no, thou canst not linger here !
And so, dear love, good-bye ! good-bye !
God bless thee ever ! Good-bye, dear !



WITHOUT SOLACE.

Dear love, thou bidst me hope,
 With cheerful heart and strong :
That thus the dreary days
 Shall seem not half so long,
Ere joy shall come again.
 But ah, beloved, the heart
Doth need a daily sustenance,
 Just as this frail, weak form
Must feed each day, or else perchance,
 Shall languish weak, in pain.

How can I live in hope
 Of joy that ne'er may be,
When every dreary hour
 That parts us, thee and me,
Deprives my heart of food?
 For oh, beloved, I know not
How to feast on memory!
 My spirit lives but in the now,
And pines with need of thee,
 And seeks no other good.



MY LOVE IS FAR AWAY.

My love is far away !
Ah, distant now the day
Ere we shall meet in rapture sweet,
As fond hearts only may.

All happiness is past !
Love's joys can never last ;
However bright hours of delight,
They ever vanish fast !

Shouldst thou e'er seem forgot,
Ah, love, believe it not !
Where e'er I be that speaks of thee,
There 'tis a hallowed spot !

I never shall forget
When last we joyous met :
In bliss divine, I called thee mine,
My eyes with tears were wet.

Such happy hours are past ;
The sweetness could not last,
And sad I be, yet memory
Shall ever hold them fast.

PARTED.

Oh what pain
To know that we have said farewell,
Ne'er to meet again !

Ah, my heart
Hath bled with woe since the sad hour
Thou and I didst part !

Wet with tears
Are these poor eyes thou oft' hast kissed—
I am filled with fears !

Thou wilt forget
Past happy hours ; soon will parting
Bring thee no regret !

I despond
Of joy again ! Yet still my heart
Will be true and fond.

Grief and pain
Must be my lot ! I ne'er shall see
My dear love again !

Parted wide
Are the fond hearts, tender and true,
Once so closely tied !

Vain I cry
For love's sweet joys, and happy days
Which have now gone by !

Just one hour
Dear love, return ! That I may still
Feel thy loving power !
Ah, alack !
My cry is vain ! Thou art not nigh !
Thou wilt ne'er come back !



FAREWELL.

O leave me if thou wilt, beloved, leave !
I must forever for thy presence grieve,
Living or dead. Thy soul my own must crave
Forever, on earth and beyond the grave.
But if thou wilt, dear love, I'll say—farewell !
This saddest word is but the funeral knell
To all my joy. All life lies before thee,
Yet in thy joy give one kind thought to me,
Who once hast been thy fondest, dearest, best.
Let deepest wishes from thy soul, for rest
To this poor stricken heart, be breathed in prayer.
Pray for sweet peace ; balm for this deep despair
Burdening my life. Perchance wings of love
May soft upon my soul alight, above
This blighting, bitter woe, and yearning pain.
Perchance—ah God !—I'll have thy love again !
Oh Heaven ! Away, fond hope ! Break not the spell
That bids me say—Dear love, farewell ! Farewell !

ALONE.

Alone ! Alone ! Through all the dreary days
 My sorrowing soul must yearn !
With pain doth my weary heart beat always,
 And the tear-drops scald and burn.
The chilling wind loud and bleak doth blow,
 Swift the rustling leaves now fall ;
No solace my weary spirit can know,
 And darkness hangs over all.

Alone ! Alone ! Despair and darkest fears
 My suffering spirit claim !
With what dread I shrink from the coming years,
 Ah, no language e'er can frame.
Each falling leaf is a dear, faded joy
 Now forever swept away !
But nothing my love can e'er destroy,
 Always 'twill live as today !

Alone ! Alone ! Hear my desolate cry !
 O come, love ! Come whisper low
As in the old days, dear, when thou wert nigh,
 Ere chilling winds bleak did blow.
Though fate, time and space must keep us apart,
 And thou my love wilt forget,
Thy memory still shall dwell in my heart,
 Thy absence e'er to regret.

HEART'S SORROW.

Dark, dark are the clouds
Which long in the past,
Rose drear between thee and me ;
Deep, deep the shadows
Upon my soul cast,
When I parted, beloved, from thee.

Sad, sad are the days
Which now are my lot,
Alone forever to dwell !
Sweet, sweet the memory
Of days ne'er forgot,
Ere happiness bade me farewell.

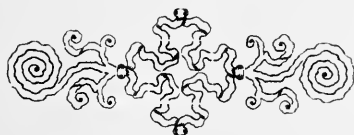
True, true is the love
Which burns in my heart,
Ever so constant and deep ;
Swift, swift the tear-drops
Now from my eyes start,
Alone, love, I sit here and weep.

Deep, deep do I yearn
For love's tender kiss,
Which ne'er again I can feel ;
Fond, fond each caress
Which sadly I miss,
My longing I ne'er can reveal.

Close, close oft' we sat
In love's sweet embrace,
With rapture filling my heart ;
Gone, gone are the days
Which leave now no trace
Of happiness swift to depart.

Still, still must my love
Forever live on,
Yearning thy spirit to greet ;
Come, come O dear heart !
Say joy is not gone—
Perchance once again we shall meet.

Blest, blest such a day !
All pain then forgot,
Once more love's rapture to know !
Haste, haste such an hour—
Ah hope, leave me not !
Oh, peace to my heart now bestow.



MEMORY.

The silvery moon is softly stealing
Through the clouds with beauteous light ;
The Sabbath bells are gently pealing,
Waking memories sad tonight.
For the days of peaceful gladness
Once I knew, are now no more,
And I sit alone in sadness,
Thinking of the days of yore.

Love's hours of joy now all are vanished,
Hope may nevermore return ;
Sorrow's gloom can ne'er be banished,
Never can I cease to mourn.
Of silence lone I am so weary,
All my soul is filled with pain ;
The brightest days are sad and dreary,
Never to be glad again.

My saddened thoughts are not in keeping
With the evening's beauty bright ;
All my soul is filled with weeping,
For I am alone tonight.
All my spirit's cry of yearning
Goes forth from my soul in vain :
All my love so deep and burning,
Ne'er can touch thy heart again.

Thy life is full of peace and gladness,
And thy Past is now forgot ;
Yet my days are nought but sadness,
Peace can never be my lot.
The moon's soft beauty brings before me
Memories of love's happy past ;
Floods of sorrow now sweep o'er me,
I think of days too sweet to last.



TIRED.

I am tired of this pain and strife,
I wearily long for rest ;
I am sick of the burden of life,
Which is wearisome at its best.
I am tired of sorrow and care,
I yearn for joys now no more ;
I long for the voice sweet and low,
As in happy days of yore.

I am tired of these lonely days,
With never a moment of cheer ;
Sad is my heart now always,
I long for thy presence dear.
I am tired of yearning in vain,
With no response to my call ;
I cry out in my grief and pain,
And hot, bitter tears now fall.

I am tired of loving in vain,
 With no rest for my weary soul ;
Sweet solace no longer I gain,
 Thy love no more I control.
I am tired of breath and of life,
 Of sighs, of tears and of fret ;
I long for rest from the strife,
 But my woe I cannot forget.

I am tired of life and of breath,
 Darkness alone I can see ;
I fervently pray for death
 The bonds of my spirit to free.
I am tired of these doubts and fears,
 Oblivion deep I crave ;
Oh for strength for the coming years,
 Or peace within the grave !



HOPELESS.

Shadows now again are falling
O'er my soul in deepest gloom,
Tho' the Spring-time now is with us,
And the roses are in bloom.
Earth is bright and full of beauty,
But my heart is sad and drear,
And the daily path of duty
Knows no light or bloom or cheer.
Hopeless are the hours so lonely,
This heart's Spring-time now is o'er ;
Life's sweet blossoms all have perished—
Withered now forever more.

Off' I feel that hope hath perished,
Her power I ne'er shall feel again ;
That all the joys my heart hath cherished
Linger but in memory's pain.
Each morrow is all dark and dreary,
Not one hope the gloom to light ;
Each day finds my heart more weary,
As morning glides away to night.



LOST LOVE.

Once dear to thy heart, love,
Were words soft and low,
Which I whispered so close to thine ear ;
Yet since thou and I now
Must e'er dwell apart, love,
No longer my fondness is dear.

My darling, I love thee !
Once sweet were these words
As they fervently flowed from my heart ;
And still there is no one
Can e'er rise above thee,
Tho' from thee my fond heart must part.

New ties now have bound thee,
New duties are thine—
Ah, no more for my presence to yearn !
New friends close and dear,
New loved ones have found thee,
And life's dreary lesson I learn.

Alone here I sit, dear,
And think of the past,
And of happiness gone from my life ;
Swift o'er my memory
Sad visions now flit, dear,
And my lone heart is worn with its strife.

My darling, believe me,
Tho' long years shall pass,
And tho' never again we may meet,
Oh I still must be true,
I cannot deceive thee,
I must yearn for thy love, dear and sweet.

Then do not forget me !
Remember my love,
My devotion so constant and true ;
And when days of care come,
If thou shalt regret me,
Thy bidding my heart swift shall do.



LONGING AND REGRET.

I'm sitting here in the darkness, dear,
 Weary and sick and sad ;
And an impulse sudden moves me—
 The deepest I ever had—
To fly to you at this moment,
 Despite time and circumstance,
And seek your loving presence,
 Your tender, trustful glance.

To hear you say "I love you, dear!"
 And close in love's embrace,
To feel the old-time kisses
 Soft showered on my face.
But the golden chance is vanished,
 And I sit in the gloom alone,
Regret my spirit filling
 For the joy I might have known.

Had I stretched forth my yearning arms,
 And softly breathed love's name,
Straightway my heart had found response
 In love's rekindled flame.
But my heart was long a stranger
 To love's tender, thrilling song,
And I feared to leap the chasm
 That divided us so long.

And the mask which time and absence
 Long had bound around my heart,
Could not, even at your presence,
 Melt away and swift depart.
Now the meeting brief is over,
 And in darkness lone once more,
I would recall that hour so fleeting,
 And your tenderness implore.



HOPE.

Yet now my heart thrills with a sudden delight
 All mingled with passionate pain ;
Tho' one precious hour forever is lost,
 I'll meet you, beloved, again !
And all the cold barrier that rose up between
 My heart and its long vanished bliss,
Shall all be forgotten, and joy reign again,
 When my heart greets your own with its kiss.



THE SPIRIT'S VOICE.

All my soul is filled with yearning,
All my heart with love is burning,
 And my spirit is with thee.
Let thy image come to bless me,
Let thy spirit's touch caress me,
 Waft some message, love, to me.

I am weary, dear, of sighing,
Of this wild heart's mournful crying,
 Come, dear love, and give me rest!
Softly soothe away my weeping,
Kiss me into quiet sleeping,
 There to dream upon thy breast.



NO LOVE SO FOND.

Tho' other lips now oft' caress thee,
While I must long and yearn in vain,
No love so deep as mine doth bless thee,
Yet all my love is fraught with pain!

Tho' kisses warm each day which greet thee,
Fondly say he loves thee well,
No tenderness like mine doth meet thee,
The heart's devotion sweet to tell!

Tho' other arms full oft' do hold thee,
Glad and warm in close embrace,
No worship of the soul is told thee,
While soft he gazes on thy face!

Tho' eager hands reach out to serve thee,
Ever ready, willing, fond,
The kindly heart may well deserve thee,
But to thy soul can ne'er respond!

Tho' in thy heart he rise above me,
Since now to thee no more I'm near,
No other heart like mine can love thee,
None so true—believe me, dear!

Tho' peace and comfort e'er may bless thee,
And sorrow ne'er may touch thine heart,
Love fond as mine soft to caress thee,
Can of thy life be ne'er a part!

So love's assurance sweet I send thee—
My love shall e'er be true and fond;
My heart's devotion shall attend thee,
Till death shall break love's holy bond!

TO THE ABSENT ONE.

Sometimes when alone, in silence,
And your mind from care is free,
Do you ever sit and ponder
O'er days of the past and me?

Sometimes, when beset with trials,
With no voice to soothe or cheer,
Do you ever feel a yearning
For a presence once so dear?

When alone with your thoughts and silence,
From the yoke of the present free,
Does never there come a longing
For a glimpse of the past and me?

Does ever your heart grow tender
With memories fond and sweet?
Does never appear a vision
Close kneeling at your feet?

Does never a vivid shadow
Swift flit before your sight?
Does ever a hand's fond pressure
Pass soft o'er your brow at night?

When alone in your silent chamber,
With care or pain oppressed,
Do thoughts of my love and longing
Ne'er give you strength and rest?

Sometimes, when sad and weary,
Do you know a vain regret?
Then, dear, do you remember
This heart is faithful yet?

I HAVE LOVED.

I have lived and loved.
What tho' the joy was brief,
What tho' the dream be done !
I knew more rapture in those years,
Than in a life-time some have known.

I have loved in vain.
What tho' my heart be sad,
What tho' my life be drear !
The memory of love's sacred joys,
Shall sanctify each bitter tear.

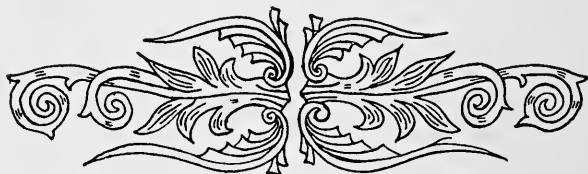
I have loved indeed.
What tho' the gift I prized,
So soon was torn away !
I know full well I once was loved,
However brief the happy day.

I have loved and lost.
Yet shall I keep enshrined—
Where time can ne'er profane,
The memory of love's blissful dream,
Thro' dreary years of grief and pain.



A SUNBEAM.

A glad ray of sunshine comes in through my window,
Shedding its brightness so sweetly o'er all,
That all the dark shadows which o'er my soul hovered,
Ever my lone, burdened spirit to pall,
Seem sudden to vanish, and all the dark places
Where sorrow and gloom ever made their abode,
Seem brightened and warmed, and bedecked with
new graces,
While all my sad spirit seems free of its load.
O sweet gleam of sunshine! Ah, could I but grasp thee!
Tell me, fair sunbeam! O answer me, pray!
If I embrace thee and to my heart clasp thee,
Then wilt thou suddenly vanish away,
Leaving my soul still the more sad and darkened,
Ever to grope on and yearn still in vain?
Tell me, fair sunbeam, 'if now I embrace thee,
Wilt thou my sad heart e'er visit again?



LIFE'S RIVER.

Today as I stand on the banks of the river,
Watching the swift flowing current run by,
I wonder what treasure lies under the water,
Far from the grasp and hid from the eye.
Life's surging river forever is flowing,
Never revealing her treasures so rare,
Yet often I wonder if under her waters,
For me there is waiting some treasure most fair.

Some day while I'm waiting, O wonderful river,
As I list to the sound of your murmuring tide,
Perhaps some soft wavelet will sudden wash near me,
And bear some fair casket of joy to my side.
O come, blessed river! Come bring me some treasure,
Fair as your waters, as sparkling and pure;
Life's surging river forever is flowing,
Then bring me some treasure which e'er shall
endure.



AN AMULET.

What shall I wish for you now we are parting—
Something to bless you through long years to come ;
Some grace to ennoble, uplift and protect you,
And strengthen your manhood wherever you roam.
Let this be your motto through all your life's journey,
Whatever temptations upon you prevail,
BE WORTHY the trust of a heart pure and lofty,
The trust of a heart evil dare not assail.

Whene'er you would falter 'neath temptation's power,
And long for a quaff from false pleasure's mad cup,
Dear friend, I entreat, with the strength of your manhood,
O dash it aside, and triumphant look up.
Look up to the stars, worlds of beauty divinest,
And think them the eyes of the souls that you love ;
Be true to yourself; let the manhood within you
Arise in its might all your strength then to prove.

Each victory gained o'er temptations that rob you
Of virtue, of honor, integrity, power,
Will strengthen, uplift you, exalt and enrich you,
And make you more worthy the just and the pure.
All life lies before you, to make or to mar, friend,
Say, will you choose now the far better way?
Then give me your promise— I know you will keep it,
And then we must each go our separate way.

Yes, we are parting— it may be forever :
This is a word falling chill on the heart,
And so may this blessing reach all through your future—
The blessing I breathe you the hour we part.
And think of me sometimes, a friend warm and tender,
Earnest and faithful, sincere and true,
And in the dim future, whate'er shall betide us,
I'm sure friend of mine, I shall oft' think of you,



HOW WILL IT BE.

Dear friend, I wonder how 'twill be
When once again your face I see !
Fain would I look into your eye—
The soul's own mirror— and descry
That you my trust have not betrayed.
Ah, now I tremble, lest your face
Shall show to me some guilty trace
Of weakness, error, folly, sin,
Which from you then I fain would win,
E'en tho' my heart should be dismayed.

How can I bide that distant day,
O friend of mine, so far away !
When this all too impatient heart
Shall to your own its zeal impart,
In friendship's joys, with smiles and tears !
The distance now so rife between,
Is naught to you, my friend, I ween,
Yet gladly may you fearless greet
This heart of mine, when we shall meet,
And calm these doubts and fears.

Yet, ah, my faith is true and deep,
And if a doubt has seemed to creep
Into my heart, forgive, I pray !
Let your assurance truly say
You have been worthy of the trust.
What joy 'twill be to clasp your hand,
And feel your truthful eyes command
My earnest approbation deep,
Which I would have you ever keep,
By being true, and pure and just.



TO A FRIEND.

A rift in the clouds, and an instant a gleam
Of sunshine fell soft on my heart ;
An instant I met your soul's answering beam,
And now we are destined to part.
With life's sweeping tide ever surging around,
What wonder if lost to our view,
Be one human spirit, howe'er closely bound
By ties of affection so true.

The world is so bright, and its pleasures so sweet
To lives in their joy and their prime ;
And many a blossom more fragrant you'll meet,
And *this* be forgotten with time.
Our friendship may gladden you yet for an hour,
As even my own lonely heart
Hath felt the soft rays of sweet friendship's power,
Which from me so soon must depart.

Tho' fain I would hold your kind spirit to mine,
By strength of this heart's fervent life—
That life of the soul which we cannot define,
That fills all our being with strife—
O well do I know that tho' sweet be the song
Of friendship, to youth's eager ear,
Forgotten shall be this sad music ere long,
When strains glad and joyous you hear.

For O, 'tis not meet that your soul ere should fling
 Its pinions 'round life such as mine ;
Tho' fain to your friendship I gladly would cling,
 Such comfort I sadly resign.
Too many the storms that have beat on my brow,
 And robbed me of cheer and of bloom,
To let the affection that glows for you now,
 E'er cast on your spirit my gloom.

And now we have parted, perhaps it is well,
 Tho' deep the regret that I feel ;
If again we shall meet, the dim future will tell,
 The depth of our friendship reveal.
You soon may forget me, tho' well do I know
 You have deep felt the touch of my soul ;
My blessing shall follow your steps as you go,
 Tho' your future I cannot control.



TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

How oft' I long for friendship, earnest, deep,
 sincere,
For some congenial spirit who e'er should hold
 me dear ;
Some fond and true companion to cheer life's
 dreary way,
Whose acts of thoughtful kindness should brighten
 every day.
To soothe and cheer me when I weep, my faults to
 gently chide,
And truly be my friend always, whatever shall
 betide.

I crave not love's deep passion my soul to gently
 woo,
I only long for friendship, faithful, earnest, true :
That all my heart's emotions, glad, or ill, or drear,
Should meet with approbation, with smile, or frown,
 or tear ;
Each thought by intuition divined ere half expressed,
And all through hours of silence, its meaning to
 be guessed.

Oh, for such sweet communion—life's richest
blessing given,
I long with deepest yearning, as some hearts
long for heaven.
Among the lives around me, can none responsive
call—
“Such is this heart's longing! Ah, let me give
thee all!
Be my friend and I'll be yours: true friendship,
let us prove,
Brings joy and peace, and pleasure rare, and is
akin to love.”



TO J. C. H.

Tho' we are but strangers, with scarcely a care
For the souls which around us are seen,
Yet I can discern 'neath the mask that you wear,
Much that is hidden, I ween.

No stain of dishonor has darkened your brow,
And left on your visage its trace,
Yet much of life's sweetness is wanting, I trow—
This I can read from your face.

But none here are happy save only in part—
Full bliss not of earth, but divine ;
There dwelleth some fond wish in every heart,
In yours as well as in mine.
I pray the desire that now fills your heart—
The desire that hope brightly doth gild,
Shall some day be yours, nevermore to depart,
Your dearest hopes all be fulfilled.

Tho' no life is perfect, howe'er bright the skies,
For darkness must sometimes be ours ;
Life's pathway is rugged, and clouds must arise
In spite of the beauteous flowers.
But joys high and holy you ever may feel,
And life's bright fulfillment be yours,
If only you seek with unfaltering zeal,
Some treasure in life that endures.

Let ever your purpose be noble and strong,
Manfully strive each duty to do ;
Valiantly conquer each tempter to wrong,
Be earnest and upright and true.
Thus shall your manhood arise to a height
Of honor and glory sublime,
And life then shall yield you her fullest delight,
And treasures that fade not with time.



SYMPATHY.

When dark clouds hang o'er us of doubt or of care,
Of sorrow, despair, or of fear,
How sweet is the light of a soft, kindly smile,
And the solace of sympathy's tear.
When Hope, like a bird, leaves its nest in the heart,
And soars with swift wings far away,
Alone then we sink in the depths of despair,
Ne'er mindful of spring's happy day.

Till some kindly voice whispers soft in our ear,
In accents of sympathy sweet :
"Let thy woe be my woe ! Friend, let me relieve thee—
Thy burden come cast at my feet."
Thus sympathy's voice so tender and low,
Our hearts with strange magic has drawn,
And when forth we have poured all our burden of woe
And think to resume it—'tis gone !

But when selfish hearts turn coldly away,
Annoyed by our tears and our sigh,
Swift deepen the clouds of gloom and despair—
Naught seems left us on earth but to die!
Ah, if bright days of gladness but fall to our lot,
Let us pause in our pleasures a while,
To see if some heart filled with sorrow and care
Can be lightened by sympathy's smile.

What tho' the burden seem light to our view,
And trials o'er which we might smile,
Bear down to the earth other hearts that we meet—
Let us pause and pity a while.
Not what the thing is doth make up our woe,
But the power of the heart to endure:
One soul may be weak where another is strong—
What kills one, some other will cure.

The fact that a heart unhappiness knows,
Be the cause whatever it may,
Should call forth our sympathy deep and sincere,
At once shedding light on the way.
O sympathy dear! Sweet offspring of Love,
Forever abide in each heart;
Dear mother of Hope, come brighten each life,
With thy touch bid all sorrow depart.

WITHOUT SORROW.

Where is the heart that doth not strive
The dear beloved to deprive
Of pain, of grief, of woe and care,
And wish that life may be all fair,
Devoid of shadows, clouds and rain.
Yet sorrow purgeth in the main,
And so, perchance, this may not be
The sweetest of love's ministry—
To shield the heart we love so well,
From every suffering, every ill ;
For lives that daily drink the cup
With sweetest nectar e'er filled up,
Scarce ever grow so sweet and rare
As those who shed the bitter tear :
Who, oft' commingled with life's wine,
Must sup the bitter cup of brine.

How oft' we find the cloudless life
That ne'er hath known earth's bitter strife,
So dearth of love and sympathy,
Of kindness and of charity,
But filled with cold and haughty pride,
Which doth the lowly heart deride.

Yet sweetest grace of heart and mind,
Did we but know, oft' shall we find
Doth live within the stricken heart
Which long hath felt life's pain and smart ;
And noblest impulses control
The sorrow-laden, weary soul,
Grown sweet by suffering and tears,
Through length of dreary days and years.
And so, perhaps, it were not best
That life should be all perfect rest.



WHAT IS THE USE.

What is the use of caring
Whether good or ill befall,
Since rain and sun and shadow,
Comes to each and all.

What is the use regretting
A sad error that is past,
Unless we mend the future,
And the evil from us cast.

What is the use of doing
 E'en the slightest deed or great,
Unless the mere achievement
 Shall reward us soon or late.

What is the use of fretting
 When misfortunes on us fall ;
Some dire distress or other
 Must sometime come to all.

What is the use of grieving
 When our friends untrue shall prove ;
No tears or vain repinings
 Shall bring us back their love.

What is the use of loving
 When such love can bring no gain ;
When follows only sorrow,
 And grief, despair and pain.

What is the use of wishing
 For life's clearer, brighter sky,
When every sad tomorrow
 Brings forth the bitter sigh.

Yet what's the use of pining
 For the heart-felt bliss denied,
When deepest sighs and yearnings
 Can never change the tide.

What is the use of longing
 For some joy we can't obtain,
Unless with earnest effort
 We are sure the prize to gain.

O what's the use of missing
 Some enjoyment we may know,
Unless we're sure to suffer,
 And the pleasure end in woe.

But what's the use of pleasure
 Which we know must end in pain,
When a moment's self denial
 Surely brings us future gain.

O what's the use of living
 If our living be for naught :
If no life on earth be gladdened
 By the battles we have fought.

Ah, what's the use of dying
 To escape earth's many woes,
When perchance the mystic future
 Shall increase the bitter throes.

So what's the use of being
 Aught save happy and content,
Whate'er shall fall upon us,
 Be it glad or ill event.

But what's the use advising !
 We shall find *some* vain excuse,
And keep on in our doings,
 Although it be no use !

THE SPIRIT'S YEARNING.

Dost thou feel within thy breast
A nameless, voiceless thrill
That fills thy being with unrest,
And baffles all thy will?
Dost thou long with yearning deep,
From all dull cares to flee,
And wouldst thy spirit break its chains—
Seek higher realms—be free?
Dost thou long for fuller life,
In brighter fields to roam?
Wouldst thou flee this worldly strife,
And seek thy spirit's home—
Some fair, radiant paradise,
Where souls in bliss may dwell,
Nor wear the mask of cold disguise,
But let each spirit tell
Its tale of love, of joy or care,
And bask in sunlight's smile.
O wouldst thou visit, didst thou dare,
Such realm a little while?



COMMENDATION.

We prize the sweet commending word
 For duty aptly done ;
How welcome to the eager heart
 The praise we well have won.
How zealous every effort
 In the future to excel,
When some attempt a task to do
 Hath been pronounced done well.
And yet how chary of our praise
 On others to bestow,
Be the achievement e'er so great,
 And nobly done, we know.
How loth are we to scatter
 O'er life's rough-hewn, rugged way,
The praise so well deserved
 For our comrades of the day.

We sigh for commendation of
 The labor we have wrought ;
Not enough the satisfaction when
 The battle we have fought,
If the souls for whom our efforts
 Are directed, fail to prize
The eager soul's endeavor
 By the glance of kindly eyes.
Yet we shrink from giving others
 What we long ourselves to meet :
The spirit kind and generous,
 And charity so sweet.
Let us bide the rule so golden—
 Unto others nobly show
Approval of all merit,
 Which we fain ourselves would know.



THE MELANCHOLY POET.

The poet is not made, but born, 'tis said ;
Yet oft' the veriest circumstance
Will change the tenor of his life,
And thus his mind, his thoughts, his soul.
And songs which else might now be glad,
Do pour forth in melancholy cadence.
Tell me not the song of joy doth flow
From lips which daily drink life's bitter cup of woe !
Hours of calm may come unto his soul,
When o'er his spirit dreams of peace and
 joys departed
Soft may fall, and forth shall flow
A melancholy music, sweet and low ;
Yet tear-drops linger in its voice,
And fall upon the heart with touch of pain.
But from the soul which ne'er hath known
The bitterness of life, thoughts bright
 as sunlight,
Sweet as love, do spring, and to the
 weary hearted
Bring their light and joy and restful calm.
Then chide him not who ne'er can sing
A joyful lay to cheer thy hours ;
Perchance some blight hath left its scar,
Which time and after joy cannot efface ;
And mournful must his music be,
Till Heaven shall bring him peace.

A FALLEN STAR.

A star hath fallen from the sky—
 A lofty planet, wondrous, grand,
Whose light I thought could never die,
 And all my worship didst command.
Alas! This orb so pure and bright
 That filled me with such rev'rent love,
I find hath *borrowed* all its light
 From worlds unfathomed, far above.
My radiant star no more can shine
 From out the gloom of earth's dark night :
My star hath fallen from his shrine,
 And all his glory taken flight.
A meteor where darkness dwells,
 That fills my soul with fear and dread,
And sadly to my spirit tells,
 All light and beauty now have fled.

My worship all hath been in vain—
 I can no more the myth revere :
My heart is filled with grief and pain,
 Unbidden falls the bitter tear.
Say not that other stars may shine
 With radiance that shall endure—
As lofty as this star of mine,
 Yet lasting ever true and pure.
Such splendor doth but form a mask
 The depths of darkness to conceal ;
And never more my soul shall bask
 'Neath rays delusive and unreal.

LOST FAITH.

Life is not the thing it was
 In the golden days of youth ;
Gone is the faith of early years,
 The earnest trust and truth.
The buds are shrivelled that I thought
 The sweetest fruit would bear :
Where are the hopes of vanished years ?
 Not one has blossomed fair !

False are hearts I thought were true,
 Shallow, souls I thought were deep ;
Vain my love, my trust, my hopes,
 In bitterness I weep.
Youth's golden years have glided by,
 Life's sweetness all has flown :
Her deepest joys, love, faith and hope,
 Have left me here alone.



THE MYSTICAL STAR.

The fair star which thou seest shining so bright,
Enshrined 'neath a mystical veil,
Is barred from thy vision's full gaze of delight,
Which barrier thou dost bewail.
Tho' fain would she draw the curtains aside,
Her mysterious soul to reveal ;
To this worshipful being her heart would confide,
Her spirit no longer conceal.

But come close as thou wilt to the light of her soul,
The barrier forever must stand ;
Tho' spirits are kindred, beyond all control
Is the gift of her heart or thine hand.
Thus distant the star must ever remain,
Tho' her light thou often canst see,
Oh, still glimmering brightly, and e'er to retain
A soft recollection of thee.



TO "ARTHUR".

We met and signalled on life's waters,
 But the tide has swept us far apart ;
And tho' we may never meet again,
 Thy memory lingers in my heart.
My spirit's chords thou soft didst stir,
 The echoes still vibrate sweet and clear :
Tho' the sound be faded from thy soul,
 The music still I fain would hear.

'Tis said that thou art all unworthy
 My heart's deep regard and high esteem,
But to my fond and partial spirit,
 Right noble ever thou shalt seem.
Tho' fate's decree that we are parted,
 Nor thine the POWER thy hand to give,
Oh, may the echo of my spirit,
 In thy memory sometimes live.



TRUE LOVE.

Do you think you love another,
Yet have doubts which oft' disprove
The devotion of your spirit
To the one you fondly love?
Ask your inner soul the question
In the light of reason's ray:
Does this love absorb your being
Through each dark and gladsome day?
Is life's every care and duty
Lightened by the loved one's smile,
And in hours of mirth and pleasure,
Think you of your love the while?

Should external grace and beauty
Which you now so fondly prize—
Noble bearing, smile alluring,
Glance of soft and lustrous eyes—
Sudden vanish from your idol,
Leaving of these charms no trace,
Would your heart still find its gladness
In the spirit's deeper grace?
Would that soul be still sufficient
All life's pathway then to cheer?
Would the loved one's inner beauty
Still be just as sweet and dear?

And, should fate be all unwilling
Your two lives to sweetly blend,
Would life's joys now so endearing,
Have for you a speedy end?
Could some other smiling presence
Fill the void so dark and deep?
Could some other love as tender,
In your heart then softly creep?
Is your love itself sufficient
For the coming changeful years?—
Let your answer to these questions
Deepen or allay your fears!



WEDDED.

At last the happy day draws near
When heart to heart so fondly dear,
United in love's holy tie,
Shall dwell forever now for aye.
Love's sweet fulfillment comes at last,
All partings, doubts and fears are past;
The joyous future softly glows
With roscate hues; love's sweet repose
Long sought, in love-lit sunny bowers
Comes to bless, with heart-sprung flowers
Strewn all along the gladsome way,
To make of darkest night the day.
Long may the blissful dream be yours,
Prolonged by love which e'er endures;
May all the joys which now are dear,
Live on throughout each changing year.

LOVE'S CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Little warbler! Will she love thee?
Shall thy music charm her ear?
Will she fondly call thee "Treasure"—
Shalt thou soon become most dear?

Pretty songster! Wilt thou cheer her?
Shall thy voice my love e'er tell?
Wilt thou do her every bidding—
Shalt thou love thy mistress well?

Lovely song-bird! Wilt thou carol—
Sweetly carol all the day?
Wilt thou sing love's tender message?
Will she understand thee? Say!

Sweet musician! Love's wishes herald,
Loud and clear on Christmas morn;
Sing my heart's devotion ever,
Sing of love divinely born!



BIRDIE.

Dearie, thou dost cheer me often with thy song ;
Since thou hast come my days to gladden,
Dull hours seem not half so long.
While to thy warble now I listen,
Tender memories thou dost stir :
I think of one who brought thee here,
And loving thoughts now fly to her.
Dost thou seek love's voice to echo ?
Wouldst thou tell me she is near—
Absent far, yet near in spirit—
That my memory still is dear ?

**TO A STRANGER.**

You ask me to write you a poem,
And set forth your sweet charms so fair,
And fain I would pen you a picture
With graces most subtle and rare.
But first let me lift up the curtain
That hides all your soul-life from me :
First let me gaze on the spirit
That lives 'neath the visage I see.
Come let me learn of the treasures
Which in your inner heart dwell ;
Reveal all the depths of your nature,
And then I your graces will tell.

TO MY TYPEWRITER.

Blessed "Comfort!" How I love thee!
Words of mine can ne'er portray;
Thy soft tip tap while I use thee,
Cheers and soothes me all the day.

My typewriter! Dear companion!
Sharer of my secret thought!
Since thou hast become my treasure,
Oh what pleasure thou hast brought.

Tender words and loving message,
On thy bosom I will pour;
None but thou and one beside thee,
E'er can know thy secret store.

Softly, now! Take thou this message;
Tip tap! Tip tap! soft and low;
Heed thou every word I tell thee,
Which unto my love shall go.

Dear typewriter! Boon companion!
Only "Comfort" which I know;
Thou wilt tip tap all my longings—
Tip tap! Tip tap! soft and low.

ADONIS.

Noble friend, with eyes so earnest,
As my footsteps you attend,
Ever eager to obey me,
Ready ever to defend,
Oft' I wonder as you watch me
With that trustful, earnest gaze,
If no deeper thought and knowledge
Lives beneath your knowing ways.

Human friends not half so faithful,
No devotion half so true !
As you daily do my bidding,
What affection glows for you !
When at times I grow impatient,
Feeling you should act more wise,
What a meek, submissive spirit
Shines forth from those lustrous eyes !

Ne'er resentful if I chide you,
When your knowledge fails to reach
To a thorough comprehension
Of the lessons I would teach.
Ever patient, kind, and gentle,
Noble dog, I love you so !
Come and nestle here beside me,
For your love is true I know.

A THERMOMETER.

This poor little valentine, dear, I have wrought ;
With many a loving emotion 'tis fraught ;
But in the device you may find not a thought
I have known.

Yet place it but near you, and when it is LOW,
No doubt you will find your condition is so,
Thus the state of my heart you can readily know
By your own.

**WEDDED.**

(On an Engraving.)

Behold these two ! That form
Tells not of thy sweet grace !
This fair face is not my poor face,
And yet the soul that speaks
From out each visage,
Is but the echo of mine own.
Gaze on them oft ! And when alone,
Whene'er thy thoughts shall turn
To one who loves thee well,
Oh, let each soul-lit countenance
My heart's devotion tell.

TO AN INFANT.

Little cherub ! Blessed treasure !
 Lightly on thy infant brow .
Rest the cares of life and duty,
 Nought of pain thou knowest now.

Mother love doth gently guard thee,
 As thy young life onward tends ;
Blessings richest, wishes fondest,
 One who loves thee ever, sends.

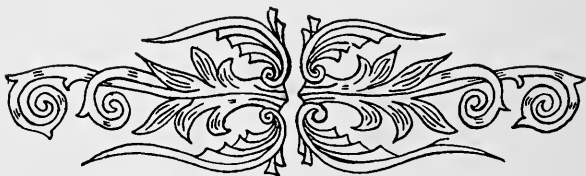
May thy path be free from sorrow,
 Fortune on thee kindly smile ;
May friends loving ever bless thee,
 May thy heart be free from guile.

And when to womanhood's estate,
 Little blossom, thou hast grown,
May as sweet and dear a treasure
 As thou art, to thee be known.



AN APOLOGY.

If every little shining star
That lights the firmament on high,
Refused to add its trifling share
Of glory to the midnight sky,
And shrank away beneath some cloud,
Ashamed of such a tiny light,
The beauteous heav'n now justly proud,
Could never be so fair and bright.
Thus human hearts may lend their store
Of sweeter thought some soul to cheer,
Though we our weakness must deplore
That we no brighter light can bear.
So may the humble rays I lend,
Which from this heart unbidden spring,
Be lightly scorned by every friend,
Though poor and vain the songs I sing.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 762 181 6 ●